And thus my battell shall be ordered.
My foreward shall be drawne in length, *out all in*
Consisting equally of horse and foote,
Our Archers shall be placed in the midst,
*I*ohn Duke of Norffolke, Thomas Earle of Surrey,
Shall haue the leading of the foote and horse,
They thus directed, we will follow
In the maine battell, whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse:
This, and Saint George to boote, what thinkest thou Not. *Norfolke*
Nor. A good direction warlike soueraigne, *He sheweth him a paper.*
This found I on my tent this morning.
Iockey of Norffolke be not so bold, to
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.
King. A thing deuised by the enemie,
Goe Gentelemen euery man vnto his charge,
Let not our babling dreames affright our soules,
is but Conscience is a word that cowards vse,
Deuisde as first to keepe the strong in awe,
Our strong armes be our conscience, swords our lawe *our swords*
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs too it pell mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to hell. *His Oration to his Armie.*
What shall I say more then I haue inferd?
Remember whom you are to cope withall, *in*
A sort of vagabonds, rascols and runawaies,
A scum of Brittains, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their orecloyed country vomits forth
To desperate aduentures & assur'd destruction,
You sleeping safe, they bring you to vnrest: *to you*
You hauing lands, & blest with beauteous wiues,
They would restraine the one, distaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltrey fellow?
Long kept in Brittaine at our mothers cost,
A milkesopt, one that neuer in his life
Felt so much cold as ouer shooes in snow:
Lets whip these straglers ore the seas againe,
Lash hence these ouerweening rags of France,
These famisht beggers weary of their liues,
Who but for dreaming on this fond exploit.

for want of meanes poore rats had b
If we be conquered, let men conquere vs,
And not these bastard Brittaines whom our f
Haue in their owne land beaten, bobd and th
And on record left them the heires of shame
Shall these enioy our lands, lye with our wiu
Rauish our daughters, harke I heare their dr
Fight Right Gentlemen of England, fight boldly
Draw Archers draw, your arrows to the head
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blo
Amaze the welkin with your broken staues,
*W*hat saies Lord Stanley, will he bring his p
Mes. My Lord, he doth denie to come.
King. Off with his sonne Georges head.
Nor. My Lord, the enemie is past the ma
After the battaile, let George Stanley die.
King. A thousand hearts are great with
Aduance our standards, set vpon our foes,
Our auncient word of courage faire Saint G
Inspire vs with the spleene of fierie Dragon
Vpon them, victorie sits on our helpes.
Alarum excursions, Enter Catesb
Cat. Rescew my Lord of Norfolke, resc
The King enacts more wonders then a ma
Daring an opposite to euery danger,
His horse is slaine, and all on foote he fights
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of dea
Rescew faire Lord, or else the day is lost.
Kin. A horse, a horse, my kingdome for
Cat. Withdraw my Lord, ile helpe you
Kin. Slaue I haue set my life vpon a cas
And I will stand the hazard of the dye,
I thinke there be sixe Richmonds in the fi
Fiue haue I slaine to day, in stead of him.
A horse, a horse, my kingdome for a horse.
Alarum, Enter Richard and Richmond, they f
then retrait being sounded. Enter Richmo
crowne, with other Lords. *ge
Ri. God and your armes be praised vic
The day is ours, the bloudie dog is dead.
Dar. Couragious Richmond, well hast